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Long seem'd the interval of tumult dire,
 Before each traveller, seated by the fire,
 From doubt reliev'd, would clear his cloudy brow.
 Then rose a table as by magic stor'd,---
 And standing near his nobly-furnish'd board,
 Their host bespoke them thus, with graceful bow :

"In annals high, and ancient page we read
 "Of one to whom was sent with equal speed,
 "And treading on each other's heels,---a train;
 "But I to him of Uz, am thus preferr'd,---
 "My friends outnumber his---and still their word,
 "Is but to heal, and not increase my pain.

"Computing too, from this your present speed,
 "A greater zeal in real time of need;
 "We greet with cordial thanks each honour'd guest,
 "Although regretting that your journey here
 "Should prove so inconvenient, and so drear,
 "Still take our welcome to this friendly feast.

She, too, whose fancied pains you came to aid,
 Though somewhat startled at the noise you made,
 Unites her welcome, and her thanks to mine :
 With these she bids me add a friendly call,
 That those who have not colds, or sing at all,
 Would freely in these artless numbers join."

THE SONG.

Hail to the friends, whose kind voices I hear,
 That rise in a chorus to meet me above,
 The prelude at first, was but harsh to my ear,
 Yet it soften'd and sunk to an errand of love.
 Oh, let our social feast, far from each gentle guest,
 Banish all feeling of anger and wo;
 And then when the golden day, drives these foul mists away,
 Homeward in peace and serenity go.

Dismiss'd from each heart, be its burden of care,
 And all in the ardour of friendship unite,
 May your toils be successful,---your prospects all fair,
 And smother your life than your journey to night.
 Oh, let our social feast, far from each welcome guest,
 Banish all feeling of anger and wo;
 And then when the golden day, drives these foul mists away,
 Homeward in peace and serenity go.